

Rishma Dunlop

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem
as time spills over. The young woman I was climbs the
moonlit stairs. She tucks her child into
bed, bends over her desk in the yellow lamplight, frees her hand
to write, breaking through the page like that Dorothea Tanning
painting where the artist's hand gashes through the canvas, fingers and
wrist plunged to the bone. She writes a dark, erotic psalm, an elegy,
a poem to die in, a poem to grow old in.

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem,
as she gives away the clothes of her dead loved ones,
stretching crumpled wings. Her words rise liquid in the air,
rosaries of prayer for the dying children, for the ones who
have disappeared, the *desaparecido*, and for the ones who
have been murdered. She writes through the taste of fear and
rage and fury. She writes in milk and blood, her ink fierce and
iridescent. Somewhere, a woman who thought
she could say nothing is writing a poem.

